Contempt, and Poverty, and Care,
All we abhor, and all we fear,
Bleſt with thy Preſence, I can bear;
Can ſuffer Racks, and run thro' Flame,
Still contented, ſtill the ſame;
Then trace me ſome unheard of way,
Thy conſtant Ardour to repay,
For I my Senſe of it wou'd ſhow,
In more than Woman e're cou'd do:
Had I a Wiſh that did not bear
The Stamp and Image of my Dear,
I'd pierce my Heart thro' ev'ry Vein,
And Die to let it out again.
No: *Venus* ſhall my Witneſs be,
(If *Venus* ever lov'd like me)
That for one Hour I wou'd not quit
My Shepherds Arms, and this retreat,
To be the *Perſian* Monarch's Bride,
Part'ner of all his Power and Pride;
Or rule in Regal State above,
Mother of Gods, and Wife of *Jove*.

Happy theſe of Humane Race,
But Oh! how ſoon our Pleaſures paſs!
He thank'd her on his bended knee,
Then drank a Quart of Milk and Tea;
And leaving her ador'd Embrace,
Haſten'd to Court to beg a Place.
While She, his Abſence to bemoan,
As ſoon as ever he was gone,
Call'd *Thyrſis* from beneath the Bed,
Where all this time he had been hid.

MORAL.

WHILST Men have theſe Ambitious Fancies,
And wanton Wenches read Romances;
Our Sex will be innur'd to lye,
And theirs inſtructed to reply.
The Moral of the Tale I ſing,
(A Poſy for a Wedding Ring);
In this ſhort Verſe will be confin'd,
Love is a Jeſt, and Vows are Wind.

FINIS.

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